UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

To Charles Darwin—Many Unhappy Returns of the Day

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

The Tragic Aspect of Forgetfulness

By STEFAN ZWEIG

Memorial Addresses:

JESSIE E. SHEARS CARNOVALE
SUSAN MILLER QUACKENBUSH

By Francis Neilson
Olivia Ward Bush Banks
Zona Gale
Llewellyn Jones

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

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IN

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXIX. THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1922 NUMBER 1

A HYMN.

When from thy shaping hand
The planets wheeled away,
When from thy forming thought
Expanded night and day,
Deep in thy pregnant heart
Awoke my happy soul,
One with creative joy
That bade the worlds unroll.

When deep, star-studded dark
Thy young world wrapped around,
When brooded vibrant space
Thy parent love, profound,
My soul,—thy tempest's breath
That called the waves to strife;
My soul,—thy mystic love
That filled the clay with life.

One with thy purpose far
That draweth flower from seed;
One with the spring's new birth,
One with the purpling mead.
One with the snowy cloud
That floats the deepening blue
One with the rush of rain,
One with the trembling dew.

Mine are thy throbbing worlds,
Mine thy creating call,
Mine, too, thy law of change,
Deep mystic, heart of all.
From out thy wondrous plan,
My soul, thou canst not flee,
My every act of life,
Is praise, my God, to thee!

ROBERT M. L. HOLT.

We have seen many pathetic appeals in our day, but none quite to equal, in sheer pitifulness and sublimity, the following, taken from a letter sent from the famine area of Buzuluk, Samara, to the Russian Famine Relief Fund in London:

We Russian mothers, who are destined to die this winter from starvation and disease, implore the people of the whole world to take our children from us, that those who are innocent may not share our horrible fate. We implore the world to do this because, even at the cost of a voluntary and eternal separation, we long to repair the wrong we have committed in giving them a life which is worse than death. All of you who have children or who have lost children, all of you who have children and fear to lose them, in remembrance of the children who are dead and in the name of those who are still living we beseech you! Do not think of us; we cannot be helped. We have lost all hope, but we shall yet be happy with the only happiness that a mother knows, in the knowledge that her child is safe.

Come, friends, if you have not already given, give at once, and give generously! Every dollar will save a life! Nothing comparable to what is going on in Russia today has ever happened in modern times. The tragedy of suffering and death is unprecedented—and unprecedented should be the outflow of charity from all those who have the wherewithal to live. Especially should America outdo every other country in the world in charity, for this nation is still untouched by that great flood of misery which was let loose upon all of Europe by the war. Congress has done well in appropriating its gift from the national treasury of $20,000,000. Now let this sum be doubled, trebled, quadrupled by the free-will offerings of our citizens. *You* are one—do, therefore, your part!

President Harding's answer to the Hitchcock Resolution calling for data concerning the negotiation of the Four-Power Pacific Treaty, confirms all that has been said in these columns about the nature of this precious document. It is an instance of secret diplomacy at its worst—an alliance of imperialistic powers to ends of exploitation under conditions unknown to anybody but the men who discussed and wrote the compact. That the Treaty as presented to the Senate contains all the agreements involved, may be believed by those who have forgotten or are still ignorant of the "secret treaties" of the Great War, but not by others. The whole thing is a vast conspiracy in the best tradition of the days before 1914. It eases difficulties and insures peace today only to create greater difficulties and precipitate certain warfare in the future. We feel satisfaction over the naval agreement, which is good as far as it goes, and hope that it will be speedily ratified. But the Four-Power Treaty should be rejected with an emphasis which will end this sort of business forever!

The scandal of the Soldiers Bonus lies not so much in the insistence of the American Legion in raiding the U. S. treasury for personal profit—though that is bad enough, heaven knows!—as in the willingness of the Congressmen in Washington to aid and abet this raid for political profit. There are reasons, or at least excuses, for the action of the organized veterans of the Great War; there is nothing but open and arrant betrayal of public trust in the action of representatives and senators. These politicians are out to buy votes, and they are willing to take hundreds of millions of dollars from the taxpayers in order to do it. By com-

parison with such conduct as this, Mr. Newberry's purchase of his seat in the upper chamber is respectable; for the Senator from Michigan used his own money and not somebody else's. How almost a whole Congress can engage in a conspiracy of this sort is difficult to explain until one reads such an honest, well-informed and searching study of political conditions as that contained in Henry L. Menken's essay on politics in "Civilization in the United States." Here we see what these Congressmen in Washington really are—a set of ignorant, idle and degraded men who are about as much representative of the citizenship of America as a Tammany Board of Aldermen is representative of the citizenship of New York City. There is only one way to defeat the Bonus robbery and that is to demonstrate that passage of the measure will cost more votes than it will win. Whether this can be done in time, is doubtful at the moment of writing.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Is this true? Not if recent American experience counts for anything! A fine name is now half the battle in putting over some disreputable piece of legislation or act of public policy. Camouflage, in other words, is as important in law as on the battle-field. Thus, "conscription" is not conscription, but "selective service," if you please. Inability of European governments to pay what they owe this country is not bankruptcy, as it would be in any individual relationship, but only "funding the public debt." And the "Soldiers' Bonus" is not a bonus at all, as might naturally be supposed, but that wonderful thing known as "adjusted compensation." Find your name, that is the main thing! If you have a skunk on your hands, call it a cat, and all will be well! Not what we do, but what we say we do, is alone important! The idea of an American being conscripted, like a poor enslaved Prussian, is of course intolerable; but the idea of his being *selected* for *service* in a great crusade for democracy, is noble and beautiful. The idea of France or Italy defaulting on its debt is unthinkable; but the idea of *funding* this debt, whatever that may mean, is "a cheerful thing to see." Again, the idea of giving a bonus to a soldier, like a tip to a hat-boy, is an insult to American manhood; but the idea of *adjusting* this soldier's *compensation,* up, of course, and never down, is nothing less than justice and decency. It makes a difference, after all, how you put a thing! Fine words may butter no parsnips, but they certainly clothe bad deeds with marvellous success. This is one reason, we suppose, why Truth is always represented as naked!

The so-called practical men have been always ready to denounce as "visionary" every call for disarmament. Now the idealist may not be right, but at least he has this virtue, that he has sought to induce men to act before they are moved by the mandate of stern necessity. The idealist has said, "Act before unemployment, famine, riots and the general misery of mankind forces action." His endeavor has been to induce men to act as freemen and not as slaves. But that time has passed. Stern necessity now knocks at the door. Prof. Moulton of Chicago University, in a cold, merciless article in the January number of the *Yale Review,* sets down the hard facts of the taxation problem of the leading European nations under the title, "The Necessity for Disarmament." Not one of the fifteen nations appearing in his list balanced its budget in 1920. Their deficits ran from fifty percent of the expenditures in France to four percent in Sweden. Even England had a deficit in excess of 100 million pounds in 1921. Prof. Moulton predicts that, if the borrowing for the purpose of balancing budgets continues, we shall witness precisely the same phenomena in Western Europe that we are now observing in Central and Eastern Europe. He says, "We may as well recognize once and for all that taxes cannot be materially increased in European countries, at least so long as present conditions exist. Economically the people cannot stand any increase; and, politically, they will not." The conclusion of Prof. Moulton is, "Men and women everywhere are becoming more and more convinced that war must cease if civilization is to survive. It is the duty of the common citizens of every land to demand of their representatives that every other consideration of national interest, fancied or real, shall be forced into the background, to the end that the supreme world necessity of securing thorough-going disarmament may remain always in the foreground of discussion." Thus necessity and not reason closes the argument!

UNITY has full often espoused the cause of Irish, Indian and Egyptian independence. We hailed the Irish settlement as a substantial gain in the great cause of a free Ireland; we rejoice at Mahatma Gandhi's sublime movement for the deliverance of his people; and we welcome Zaghlul's work to the same end in Egypt. Every once in a while, however, when writing of these things, we are stricken with a sense of shame and humiliation that we are flinging stones at those who are themselves not without sin. What right have Americans, after all, to talk about the oppressions of which the British Empire is guilty, when this country is still ruling with the iron hand of militarism in the Philippines, Haiti and Santo Domingo? The right, of course, of which the true heart is always in possession, to denounce evil and cherish good, wherever they appear! But this work of judgment must properly begin at home; we must be rid of our own sins before we assail the sins of others. Let it here be set down,

therefore, in permanent record, that we abhor American imperialism in the same way and in even greater degree than we hate English imperialism. We sympathize with the demands of the Filipinos for independence. We rejoice at Senator King's resolution calling for the withdrawal of our occupation from Haiti and Santo Domingo. If we had our way, we would haul down the stars and stripes from every flagpole, east and west, that stands on soil not nationally our own. And so long as UNITY has paper on which to print ink, it will plead the cause of all the subject peoples who seek release from the unwelcome overlordship of the United States!

The refusal of the Kentucky Legislature, by a vote of 19 to 17, to interfere with the teaching of evolution in the schools and colleges of the state, has been hailed as a great victory for enlightenment. We cannot see it so! The significant thing about this decision is not the nineteen votes in defeat of the proposition, but the seventeen votes in favor of it. What we have here is evidence of the great mass of ignorance and superstition which still exists in this country and on occasion is able to become articulate. Another evidence is the popular acceptance of William Jennings Bryan as a lecturer on Darwinism and on the Bible. Much of the acclaim with which he is greeted, of course, is occasioned by his transcendent qualities as an orator; but much also comes from the unquestioning belief of great multitudes of men and women that this famous Chautauquan is expounding genuine knowledge on the themes which he discusses. The "Billy" Sunday vogue was another ghastly revelation of the mental, as well as the spiritual, status of the American people. The fact of the matter is that the boasted educational system of this country is not getting us very far. Current ideas are still very largely those of a thousand years ago rather than of to-day. Any fanatic or ignoramus who wants to teach that the earth is flat, or that man was created fresh and entire in the year 4004 B. C., is certain of a large and enthusiastic following. All of which means not that we should be discouraged, but that we should no longer be complacent and self-satisfied. There's still a lot of work to be done in telling the average man who he is and what kind of a world he is living in.

The furore over indecent plays is increasing in volume and intensity—and we do not wonder! The filth that has been shoveled on the New York stage this season, for example, is indescribable. Why we should have laws which make it a crime to commit a physical nuisance in the community, but no laws which make it criminal to commit a moral nuisance, passes comprehension. But while we are debating the expediency or inexpediency of censorship, it may be well to remember that no one is obliged to see a dirty play, and pay high for the privilege; one can stay home, or attend a concert. Nay, one can still go to the theatre, and often, too, for good plays are by no means as yet extinct upon the boards! Thus, in a season unprecedented for indecency, New York has enjoyed an unusual number of high-class plays. Eugene O'Neill's work has been liberally presented. The Theatre Guild productions have again been notable. "The Wandering Jew," "A Bill of Divorcement" and "The Dover Road" have been events of high artistic and literary importance. The revivals of "The Easiest Way," "The Return of Peter Grimm" and "The Squaw Man" were welcome. Sothern and Marlowe packed one of the largest theatres in the city for six weeks with their admirable Shakespearean productions, and Fritz Lieber had a successful season with his repertoire. These facts do not settle the question of unclean plays—that still remains as a pressing social problem. But they settle to a very considerable extent our own personal problem. We have a chance here to choose between good and bad, and we can always choose the good.

We wish this problem were as simple in the case of newspapers as it is thus in the case of theatres. There was a time when there were clean newspapers, but that time seems now to be definitely behind us. The reader of the New York *Times,* for example, can no more escape the odoriferous Stillman suit than the reader of the New York *American* or *Journal.* The Arbuckle case befouled the front pages of every daily journal in the country for weeks. Any man who should undertake to tell these stories, in all their unsavory details, at the household board of any one of the editors of these papers, would be promptly kicked out of the house; but morning and evening these same editors bring these tales to our tables, our drawing-rooms and libraries, and we have to receive them, whether or no. That the public wants this stuff is a ridiculous plea. No newspaper in the country begins to have the circulation of the great weeklies and monthlies, and yet these latter, whatever their faults, are at least clean. There is no more reason why the editor of the New York *American* should find that his readers want to feed on garbage than the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post!* This whole argument is a superstition which reveals the degradation not of the public but of the newspaper profession. What is to be done, we do not know. We have heard this problem discussed ever since we can remember, but can recall no constructive suggestion. But that the people should remain forever helpless in the hands of the journalistic filth-mongers, seems to us intolerable. Who will deliver us from the body of this death?

To Charles Darwin—Many Unhappy Returns of the Day

This is unfortunately a statement of fact, and quite unrelated to the fashion in which we should extend our greetings to the great English naturalist were he living today. The anniversary of Darwin's birth is coincident with that of William E. Gladstone, and Abraham Lincoln. While the Lincoln anniversary affords us an opportunity to hang our golden hopes however unrelated to anything he ever did or said, upon his exalted memory, and the character of Gladstone is all but forgotten, in this country at any rate, the sluggish pulse of human progress is strikingly symbolized by an outburst of rebellion against everything which Darwin ever contributed towards a better understanding of the laws of nature and of life. Is it too much to say that the publication of the "Origin of Species" in 1859 marks one of the four or five great epochs in human history? How will coming generations, whose understanding of its real merit will be much more complete than ours, compare it with such events as the invention of the art of writing, the domestication of animals, the industrial revolution, with all the incalculable consequences which resulted from these events? Not unfavorably we may be sure.

As opposed to such confidence, however, voices of protest and condemnation are rising from every quarter. For many months Mr. Bryan has been travelling from one end of the country to the other firing the minds and imagination of unnumbered thousands with the menace of Darwinism. Rev. John Roach Stratton, standing in an influential New York pulpit, declares that the time has come when we must choose between Darwin and the Bible. The Legislature of Kentucky all but enacted legislation through which the teaching of evolution should be precluded from all schools supported by taxation; while the ubiquitous Commissioner of Accounts in New York, Mr. Hirshfield, announces that if investigations are to be the order of the day, no task is too comprehensive for his omniscient oversight.

Out of this formidable array of the protagonists of religious and social reaction, Mr. Bryan is undoubtedly one of the most spectacular and influential. Treat the situation lightly if we wish, permit incidental levity to obscure the real merits of the case, as it may, the fact still remains that Mr. Bryan speaks the language and interprets the opinions of great masses of people, and because he stands with them at pretty much the same stage of mental development, it is not creditable to treat him lightly. In his forthcoming book entitled "In His Image," Mr. Bryan bases his argument upon a complete and unquestioned acceptance of everything which the Bible contains. He believes implicitly in the miracles of the Old and New Testaments, in Original Sin, as it is reputed to have been transmitted to us by the first man Adam, in the Immaculate Conception, the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection of the Body, and all the rest. When the facts of the modern scientist come into conflict with such a faith as this, it is most unfortunate for the facts, but they have to go. In his tilt against Darwinism, Mr. Bryan is obviously altogether innocent of any first hand contact with the writings of the great naturalist. He apparently never heard of John Burroughs, or William James, or of the Creative Evolution of Henri Bergson. These apostles of the kinship of Science and Religion, standing shoulder to shoulder to meet the mysteries of the Universe and to hold up the hands of men who are struggling to mould the earth more nearly to the heart's desire, are quite beyond the horizon of his observation and intelligence.

The second quarter from which the contribution of Darwin is the subject of attack is not from the point of religion, but as a factor in the social organization of man. In the anonymous publication of an English writer entitled "The Glass of Fashion," the author argues that the persons of fashion whose pictures are portrayed for us are a menace to the nation because of the false philosophy upon which their influence and leadership are based. He affirms that the problem is common to England and America, and continues that

> We are both held by the same philosophical paralysis which has crept over the human mind ever since the dark and disfiguring shadow of Darwinism fell upon the fields of life. Darwinism not only justifies the sensualist at the trough, and fashion at her glass; it justifies Prussianism at the cannon, and Bolshevism at the prison door.

Here, then, are two charges, among the many unhappy returns of the day—clear and uncompromising, against Darwinism and all that it stands for. The one from the religious, the other from the social point of view.

To what extent, one must ask, is such an indictment as this justified from the social point of view? Is there anything about Darwinian evolution which may bring comfort to cruel men in their cruelty, which may justify the great variety of modern slavery, which may encourage the strong in their exploitation of the weak, which may keep the wise in secure possession of their wisdom while the unenlightened must remain in permanent exile from the storehouses of knowledge and spiritual illumination. That such a situation does obtain and that a misinterpreted Darwinism does constitute the philosophical basis, consciously or unconsciously of many persons in positions of influence, is a fact apparent to all thoughtful observers.

It will doubtless come as a sense of relief to a good many persons confused by these conflicting voices, upon turning to an examination of what Darwin really taught, to find that he bases his social teachings not at all upon the law of struggle and survival of the

fittest, but upon the law of mutual aid and co-operation. However true it may be in the cosmic process that nature, as Wordsworth says, is "red in tooth and claw," mankind is slowly coming to realize what Darwin taught with perfect distinctness, and what every student of primitive man knows without any obscurity, namely, that the only way in which social advance can be achieved is not by imitating this cosmic process of struggle, but by combatting and opposing it.

Darwin goes to the very root of the matter in a familiar statement contained in a letter to John Morley in 1871, in which he says "I do not think there is any evidence that man ever existed as a non-social animal." There used to be a maxim in the political economy of another day, a maxim which is still widely applied in all its primitive and barbaric cruelty to the effect that competition is the life of trade. The experience of these latter days, painful and tragic as it is, is slowly establishing the conviction that far from being the life, competition is become the death of commercial activity. Darwin pointed out that one of the very earliest manifestations of mutual aid was to be found among primitive man. In his "Descent of Man" he says "Even at a remote period, he practiced some division of labor. Each man did not manufacture his own flint tools or rude pottery, but certain individuals appear to have devoted themselves to such work, no doubt receiving in exchange the products of the chase." The writer of the "Glass of Fashion" is right when he says that the application of the theories of biological survival to social life is fatal. He is wrong when he says that this is the thing that Darwin taught.

How about the alleged conflict between Darwinism and religion? Is it irreconcilable? Is there any chance of nurturing the faith of Mr. Bryan without resort to the artificial authority upon which he implicitly relies? Certain it is that the religious question is more fundamental than the social. In all probability our social, political, industrial, and racial problems, far reaching and difficult as they are, will be solved in some fashion, inadequately, bunglingly, but still well enough to enable certain of us to live in personal happiness and comparative peace with our fellows. But man does not live by bread alone. Here are the mysteries of the universe, of the cosmic process, of the life of man. Here are unnumbered species of life which have appeared upon the earth and passed away without leaving any descendants or providing any means for their perpetuation. The observant and sincere man is almost compelled to fall upon his knees and ask as did the Psalmist,

> When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?

The charge is commonly raised against evolutionists that they are Atheistic. Here again there can be no possible ground for such indictment. Evolution, because it is the formulation of a process, and not an attempt to solve the riddle of the first cause, neither affirms nor denies the existence of God. Darwin said, "I have never been an atheist in the sense of denying the existence of God." In fact, the whole conception of God is so deeply ingrained in the life of man that it is inconceivable of elimination by any system of thought or discovery in the natural world. There is a familiar and appealing story in the life of Helen Keller to the effect that for a number of years in her early childhood, the conventional ideas of the Deity were kept scrupulously away from her. When at length it appeared that she was mature enough to be taught something about God, Phillips Brooks was sent for to bring her a message from the Most High. In his simple and inimitable fashion he disclosed to her some of those elements which entered, for him, into the life of God. As he led her gently forward step by step, the features of the little blind girl suddenly shone with "the light that never was on sea or land," as she exclaimed, "I have always known him, but I did not know what to call him."

What shall we say then regarding evolution and religion? Are they friends or foes? The answer depends largely upon our wisdom, upon the treasure of the understanding heart, upon our ability to put aside the superstitions of the past. Religion must open its mind to the results of scientific research, and stand in reverence in the presence of the miracle of daily life. The scientist, in like manner, must learn to see with the eyes of the spirit, those things which the most powerful microscope can never visualize or accurate formula analyze. Common to both are the mysteries of love, affection, wonder at the heart of the world, and the presence of God. Given such recognition, Scientist and Churchman shall stand united, friends of the truth, friends of the immortal life of man.

In a letter to Mary Gladstone, the painter Burn Jones, speaking of the difficulties which great men sometimes have in holding together, threw out a challenge which may well serve as a stimulus to the united action of science and religion today. "If twelve of these men," said he, "would hold together for one ten years, the whole aspect of the world would be changed —and twelve men did once hold together, and the whole aspect of the world was changed."

As we send our greeting across the spaces to the living spirit and memory of Charles Darwin let it be with a pledge of co-operation between men of science and men of faith, each respecting the opinions of the other, each believing in the "far off divine event toward which the whole creation moves."

Alson H. Robinson.

Preparedness—New Style

Now that the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments is adjourned, and innocents are abroad who think that all problems of war and preparations for war have at last been satisfactorily settled, it may be well to consider what is actually going on apart from the passing of resolutions and the signing of treaties. We have said more than once in this paper that the ending of the dreadnaught competition between England, Japan and the United States is a real achievement, but at the same time have emphasized that at the best this can be regarded as nothing more than a beginning. How truly this accomplishment is only a beginning we never really imagined until our eyes chanced to light the other day upon a personal narrative written by the well-known English correspondent, Mr. H. W. Nevinson. His tale had to do with what he calls a "visit to a great poison gas factory," and we beg to bring to the attention of our readers some of the things that he set down in black and white.

He informs us at the start of what most of us have never known, that there is located at Edgewood, half an hour distant from Baltimore, and therefore close by Washington, "probably the greatest poison gas works in the world." It is situated upon a promontory in Chesapeake Bay, occupies an enclosure of ten thousand acres, and is surrounded by a specially constructed village in which live the thousands of workmen, clerks and girls engaged here in the manufacture of poison. The work is carried on under the control of the Chemical Warfare Corps, a special branch of the army. The War Office supports the establishment with an appropriation of $1,200,000 taken out of the regular army grant. During the war, when the work was brought to the highest perfection of achievement, more than two hundred tons of poison gas were produced daily. Activity is now carried on, of course, at greatly reduced pressure, but is maintained in complete readiness for expansion with a permanent staff of machines and operatives at hand for instant service.

The manufacturing process is organized on a basis of offense and defense operations. The staff operatives and labor force, that is, are divided into two groups who work against each other. Every advance in poisons on the one side is met by advance in protective devices on the other. The suffocation squad works against the mask squad, and the burning squad is matched by the impermeable overall squad. Two hemetically sealed chambers are provided, into which men volunteer to enter without extra payment, to test the power of the new gases with the new protective devices. These volunteer victims, or heroes, are watched through a window by the experts outside until they signal signs of distress from fainting or sickness, when they are instantly relieved.

Mr. Nevinson describes the many kinds of gases which are manufactured in this place—phosgene gas for suffocation, mustard gas for burning through clothing and flesh, chloropicrin gas for producing intense vomiting, lachrymatory gas for starting floods of tears and consequent blindness, and the deadly Lewisite. This last is the champion of the whole destructive brigade. It penetrates any mask, passes through flesh and down the lungs, and is warranted to burn up a victim inside and out. It spreads slowly, and can be easily squirted upon whole cities with hoses from passing aircraft. Mr. Nevinson points out that it makes no distinction between soldiers and civilians, working just as successfully on the hide of a senator as on that of a common soldier. It is difficult to estimate the area which can be successfully treated in a single dose, but experts declare that, if skillfully used, it can wipe out a whole population with rapidity and ease. All the people living in New York City, for example, could be turned into cinders in a single night.

Mr. Nevinson found a most interesting museum upon the premises illustrating the growth of various destructive chemical processes and the different devices to counteract them. The whole factory is a gigantic monument, he says, to "human ingenuity for slaughter." It demonstrates how little is accomplished by sinking dreadnaughts in an age when apparently the time-honored sport of killing one's fellow-man is shifting to a wholly new plane of operations. In the face of such realities as these in the field of chemistry, it seems rather naive to wax enthusiastic over restrictions on submarines and agreements for the abolition of poison gases. Is the United States going to close up and destroy this factory at Edgewood because of the treaty signed at the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments? We will believe it when we see it; but up to the present moment we are wickedly sceptical enough to venture the prophecy that, treaty or no treaty, this poison gas factory which was visited by Mr. Nevinson will be kept ready for instant work, if not in actual operation all the time. And when the next war comes we can be perfectly sure that there will be an immediate race between combatants to see which one can drop down upon the other's territory what Tennyson so aptly called in prophecy, the "ghastly dew."

One visit was enough to settle Mr. Nevinson's mind on this whole proposition. "It is useless," he says, "to forbid inventions. The only way is to exterminate war." There is comfort in the thought that possibly this end might at last be effected by the fact that gas, unlike swords and guns, produces "terror for stay-at-

homes—for elderly men and women who (in wartime in the future) will no longer give their sons only, but themselves"! Will not the members of a congress think twice before passing a declaration of war, when gas masks have to hang at every desk and by every bed side? JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Tragic Aspect of Forgetfulness*

It is alluringly lovely, and perhaps even true, to read again and again the most sublime avowal of the noblest souls, that there is inborn in individuals as in all humanity a deep impulse to perceive and to comprehend Truth. Every experience becomes a lesson to the individual, every instance of suffering helps him to conscious advance, and thus his life is lifted out of the confusion of youth to ever increasing clarity and understanding. Observed in the light of world history there lies in this thought a rare consolation, for this faculty of constantly clearer discernment, which has grown up during the centuries through countless vicissitudes, guarantees a continuous ascent of humanity, a peaceful union in the sense of the highest civilization.

Now this reaching out for Truth, this passion for understanding is certainly inborn in man and in humanity, but likewise there is an opposing instinct that works mysteriously against this, checking with mighty force this ascent into the eternal. And that is the unconscious, or perhaps often the conscious tendency of individuals, of races, of whole generations, voluntarily to forget again this truth, to which they have laboriously fought their way, and willingly to renounce their higher understanding. Against our will this instinct to avoid the truth works in each one of us—for Truth has a Medusa-head at once beautiful and terrible—and in our memory of each experience we instinctively select only the agreeable part, we preserve only the congenial aspects. This process of one-sided choice and falsification makes youth therefore seem always beautiful to the individual and its past always sublime to every nation, and it may be that this powerful impulse to beautify and idealize life is, to most men at least, an essential condition of their ability to endure at all reality and their own existence. But for this mysterious spirit of forgetting, the round of events would have long since ended, figures like Christ and Buddha would have brought their teachings to fruition for all time and the unity of mankind would no longer be a dream.

No age, no generation, however, was ever able to bring more forcibly to our attention this fixed impulse to forget and to desire to forget, than our own age and generation, for it seems that a mysterious relation exists between the intensity of the truth and the speed with which it escapes from our consciousness: the more successfully the will to understand is established, the stronger is the constraint to be rid again of the pressure, or the torture of this understanding. Never would it otherwise have been possible that in three years after the most terrible war in the history of man the majority had already forgotten their whole tragic experience of these five years and their mental reactions.

Three years have passed, only three years, and we are again living in the midst of the old lie, the old hallucination. More than ever states are shutting themselves off from one another, the mouldy phrases are serving again as the bread of life. Anew peoples are letting themselves be fooled into believing that they are threatened by their neighbors, they must arm, their honor demands of them this and that, and thus they are once more marching in uniform, hoisting flags, making cannon, already mentally ready for the old mad, bloody sports. How could that happen, we ask ourselves, we who witnessed the swing of the pendulum? The beginning is clear: the guilty and responsible in all lands, who feared the Truth, have strenuously opposed it; but never could they have succeeded in this political game of self-preservation, if an ally had not arisen for them among the people with their excessive fatigue, their spiritual inertia,—that mysterious tendency to forget the truth. Ask a book dealer, he will tell you that today no one cares any more about reading war books; that the public finds unnecessary the most important documents of knowledge. No, only to read nothing, to hear nothing, to see nothing, not the Truth in written letters, in the spoken word, not in the forms of cripples, of orphans, of the unemployed; no, only to forget, only quickly to forget at any price, only to rush madly in hot flight from reality into pleasure, into lies, into dreams. Only away from Truth!

And that, just that, makes our time so frightfully tragic, so repulsive and so hopeless, that it is possessed by an incredulous belief; that all political ideals that are now so loudly proclaimed have somewhere a false note, and come from some hidden design and not from the heart. There are times when the national purpose has a childlike and unsuspecting, a pure and unconscious beauty. Even 1914 was full of such childlike trust. If then each nation—no one had seen a real war, no one had even in fancy looked into its abysses—thought it had been attacked, betrayed, its brothers and companions in danger, they were honestly trusting, ignorant victims of this their pure belief. But today this innocent hallucination is lacking. The people have eaten the bitter fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, and behind each one of their words is something that gives them the lie, and all who hear the words, even those who applaud them loudly, are somewhere in the depths of their hearts conscious of the lie.

There is no representative in any Parliament of Europe who does not know the simple fact, which a seven-year-old child will understand if it is explained to him, namely that our Europe has no other possible way of maintaining itself economically, than through brotherly union; that we spend 20 million men as uselessly paid officials and soldiers, in order to feed our mutual distrust, while in America these 20 million men, instead of burdening the state, create productive labor and enterprise, and will sometime, with their superior advantage, bring all our states to ruin. Every one of these representatives knows that this war was for Europe what the Peloponnesian War was for Sparta and Athens, the momentary success of a party, but verily the downfall of an entire civilization. Every one knows it and no one has the courage to say it. Our world is dark because it wanted the darkness of

*Translated especially for UNITY by D. S.

forgetfulness, because it was no longer willing to bear the truth that it once had known.

Tragic outlook of a tragic hour in a tragic world! The old sleep is again over the earth, but still excited by the desolate dreams of the bloody day. The nations are breathing restlessly, and when they toss about in their dreams, again the weapons often clash treacherously. In vain reason looks into this darkness, which no single word is able to illumine; into this dull sleep, which no warning cry can arouse; and must impotently acknowledge, that evidently a deeper meaning lies in this selfish forgetfulness, in this eternal retrogression of mankind from its purest aims. But even if it is decreed as the fate of the human race, continually to fall a prey to the hallucination of separation, still it remains the eternal task of those who are awake, to warn, and to resist the inevitable. All experience is meaningless in so far as it is transitory, is lost again; all truth is useless if it is again forgotten; and therefore it must be the life purpose of every waking soul to hold fast to the truth he has once clearly recognized and to remember unceasingly the constellation above our heads, in order to be prepared for the rare and holy hour of its return.

Salzburg, Austria. STEFAN ZWEIG.

Jessie E. Shears Carnovale
Susan Miller Quackenbush

[On Sunday, January 22, a memorial service was held at Abraham Lincoln Centre for these two friends who had been closely identified with UNITY and the Centre. For many years Mrs. Carnovale had been a member of the Unity Board of Directors and succeeded Mr. Jones as its President. Mrs. Quackenbush had been a member of the same board for a shorter period and her name is familiar to our readers as a frequent contributor to our columns. In the UNITY office she was an ever ready helper; no task was too small or too great to enlist her aid and sympathy.

Francis Neilson presided. Mr. Neilson's own words, the tribute sent by Zona Gale, and addresses by Mrs. Olivia Ward Bush Banks and Llewellyn Jones will be of interest to the wider circle of friends who were unable to be present in that hour of tender remembrance.—EDS.]

FRANCIS NEILSON:

This memorial service we attend to-day is in memory of two women very closely connected with Abraham Lincoln Centre and its undertakings. They were known, I am sure, to you more intimately than to me. I met them rather late in the day. When first I became acquainted with Mrs. Carnovale and Mrs. Quackenbush, the world was engulfed in a catastrophe which must have come as an acute shock to their finest ideals. But I can say this, although I met them so infrequently, and did not know them in the heyday of their lovely lives as you did, that Mrs. Carnovale in the midst of all the confusion of the world, bore a great illness in such a superb manner that I felt that she was one of the chosen ones of the earth. She never lost her courage, she never lost courage in facing the great ordeals of suffering, she never lost her faith in mankind. No matter when you met her, her smile was one of infinite goodness. The loveliness of her nature was just as sweet as a spring morning. I remember once when I was particularly downcast at the conditions in Europe, just before America entered the war, she spoke sympathetic words of cheer that were like water to a parched throat. I marvelled that she could have an outlook so serene upon life, when all the externalities that we once took pride in were going to pieces.

It was in connection with UNITY that I met Mrs. Carnovale. UNITY was to her an essential organ—it had become precious to her. The achievement of UNITY was something she held very dear. Its high standard of maintaining the principles of truth and freedom set by Jenkin Lloyd Jones was one she wished at all costs to perpetuate. No one knew better than Mrs. Carnovale that there comes only once in a lifetime such a pioneer and leader as Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and when I, in a humble way, said I would be glad to do what I could in writing for UNITY until an editor was found, she gave me great encouragement. And I feel now that she has gone I should like to be associated actively with UNITY for her sake, to do something in that way to perpetuate her memory. I have no doubt that in the hearts of all of you who knew her so well, her memory will always be cherished.

Mrs. Quackenbush I knew little, far, far too little. I think when we had our longest conversations they were here, preparatory to some meeting—just in the ten or fifteen minutes while we were waiting for the chairman to call us to order, but I saw in her a flame. There is no doubt about it that her interest in humanity burned deeply and fiercely. Some may say that that flame at last consumed her. But I do know this, that Susan Quackenbush had very firm friends. Some of the friends I know did not always agree with her in her ideals, in her hope in humanity, but they always fervently respected her, so much so that I remember her once speaking to a mutual friend in such a manner about God's people, that I was struck by the thought that had I said the same words to him, he would have received them with a sneer and replied with bitter cynicism. It is a fortunate thing in this life when you can win the respect of your opponents; I mean those who oppose your ideals, though in social affairs they may be your best friends.

Is it not a wonderful thing that these two women had the opportunity of expressing themselves, revealing themselves to their friends; that the constructive imagination in them both found open channels? When we stop to think of the pitiable condition of millions of women who know not how to help themselves and never know how they can possibly help others, it is good that some of us, no matter what the circumstances be in which we live, can express our ideas, and in so doing realize that if there is one thing worth while it is that the Good in us shall have a chance to shine. Unfortunately the world is filled with dull lives. Perhaps it is because people do not trust themselves,—perhaps it is that they do not know they have souls. Well, Jessie Shears Carnovale knew she had a soul, Susan Miller Quackenbush knew it too, and they just took the spiritual barriers down that divide woman from woman and man from man, and let the light of their souls shine upon everybody that came into their circle.

MRS. OLIVIA WARD BUSH BANKS, speaking for her people, said:

We count it a sacred privilege to pay tribute to our two friends, who in the consciousness of human brotherhood and always with the outspoken word of unfailing hope, have helped us over the rugged paths of our citizenship. Indeed, they seemed to have known and felt the heart-throbs and infinite longings of our kind. They felt the urge within them and believed in the possibilities of our attainments. With a fine desire for just and righteous dealing in the cause of human need, they held out helping hands to us—they opened doors of hope.

Great souls were these—loyal Americans. Our memories of them are laden with the fragrance of their loving kindness. They have left burning upon the altar of our souls the incense of their spiritual inheritances. From the rich quality of their lives we have caught a vision of the larger life, enabling us to keep our upward way.

ZONA GALE:

The last time that I entered All Souls Church for a Sunday service it was Mrs. Quackenbush who met me in the lobby; and when we were seated it was Mrs. Carnovale who was upon my other hand. This is the miracle—that these two dear friends have so incarnated in our hearts that today also they are here—in that unique body of remembrance and continuity which is of life's very substance.

Years ago in Portage, Wisconsin, Jessie Shears Carnovale, as a little girl, was a member of a Sunday school class of my mother's; and this circumstance, when ten years ago I first met Mrs. Carnovale as a radiant stranger, at once drew us near not so much because of the fact as because of her vital knowledge and love of my young mother's words and presence, and my mother's memory of that little girl. As our acquaintance deepened I was to divine that the child had never really vanished but had remained, exquisitely veiled by experience. There was a gravity, there was a lightness which belong to wondering, believing childhood, and these never passed. There was above all a directness and an honesty which all her social experience never touched away. I have never known her to be false for a moment to anything that she believed. This is a part of the genius of an undying childhood.

I remember noting this directness, this scrupulous avoidance of the equivocal, when one day we were approached by a woman selling tickets on a beautiful object for a worthy cause, in the presence of a dozen sympathizers. While I was wondering what to do, Mrs. Carnovale said: "My friends, I do not believe in this way of earning money. I cannot share in it." Then she told them why, and gave them an outright gift; and the beautiful object and the worthy cause were forgotten by us all in that moment of her outspoken clarity.

In 1914, in the week of August 4, as it chanced, we had together a memorable experience my introduction to which I owed to her—a visit to the biennial convention of the National Association of Colored Women held in Wilberforce, Ohio. We had gone for a day and had remained for a week, thrilled by what we saw. We were guests of the president of that splendid negro college, and multiple times in that week I had opportunity to see the beautiful simplicity with which Mrs. Carnovale met human relationship. She had, I saw then, a genius for treating human relationship as a fact in nature, not to be explained away, never to be evaded. Her understanding of the negro, her sorrow at our injustice to him, and the constant loyalty with which she manifested these were among her countless immediate contacts with truth.

Her long and devoted service in nursing and in medicine constantly deepened her social sense and as time went on this sense became her interpretation of all of life. Nothing existed in itself alone, but only in its bearing upon the improving and strengthening of human relationship. This passion found many expressions and one of its highest was at Lincoln Centre, in All Souls Church, and in her great and memorable work for UNITY. She said: "Unity is a centre of energy. If I can strengthen that centre that energy will be extended and I really know of no greater service within my grasp." It was in this spirit that she raised the endowment of Thirty Thousand dollars. This was the spirit of all her varied social application.

Her love for Italy, for Calabria, and her devoted labor in interpretation is a lovely instance of that adoption, that addition of another land, of another tongue which shows the essential externality of our partitions, the fundamental beauty of our understanding when we trouble to establish it, or when, as for her, abruptly it irradiates all of life. Her work with her husband, Luigi Carnovale, on his book on Italy and the Great War, for the English version of which she is responsible, and in other collaboration with him, are instances of her sovereign gift of devotion.

With all of life, with many people in many circles, with art and with Tomorrow her concern was creative. Her life was lived creatively. The words of her last day, "Doctor, give me a great new thought," are as memorable as Goethe's "More light."

I believe that in a passion for humanity Susan Miller Quackenbush burned out her life. I have never known anyone more capable of passionate self-identification with the whole race. She knew no difference between her own need and the need of an unknown person of another continent. That high faculty of tomorrow, the social passion, was in her a realized gift, like sight. Living today in a world of blindness and greed and compromise, of industrial injustice and of war, of religious and racial and national confusion, she stood before every issue with that which seems to me to be the intellectual equipment of tomorrow. A tomorrow when the wrongs of labor and of criminals shall read like the stories of the middle ages; when war and nationalism shall be as forgotten as feudalism; when religious and racial intolerance shall sound like the tales of martyrs and witches—for that tomorrow her mind was literally ready now. Indeed, in that tomorrow she lived. Partly her longing for that tomorrow and her impatience of this sluggish today wore through her frail life and released her.

With this recognition of herself as "one of those in charge of a planet"—a phrase she liked to use—there was the accompaniment of a gift for friendship. She gave herself to her friends as few know how to do.

I watched her through years of work in her home in Portage, Wisconsin, where we were neighbors, work for the town in the civic association, work for women on the State Suffrage Board, work in a study club of the town, and in all these she brought, as she brought to her responsible work at Lincoln Centre, the vision of farther horizons. I once heard her say wistfully of

another: "There is a completely evolved being so far as we have gone intellectually, not bound by any prejudice social or racial or religious." And once I heard her say that if the state income tax was abolished, she would be unable to contribute to the upkeep of the state institutions and work and that since this was now her only channel for this service she greatly hoped that the tax would stand. She objected to inheritances and felt that the only way to treat them was to turn them toward some social agency—a theory which she had occasion to carry out to the letter. She had little interest in charity or philanthropy, in remedial measures, or in reforms. Only in a social reorganization which should affect the fundamentals of human living was she deeply concerned, but she gave herself to every worthy work even remotely related to the new order. With the opening of the war she found herself unable to shift her point of view. She had believed in civilization and her civilization knew no such word as war. She refused to compromise. I remember how exultantly she wrote to me Mr. Jones's ringing pronouncement of that Sunday in April, 1917: "If war was wrong last year, it is wrong this year; if it was wrong last week it is wrong this week. If it was wrong yesterday it is wrong tomorrow." From this stand she never departed, never could have swerved.

Besides some notable free verse, she has left one piece of published work, and one partly completed which should be given to students. The first was the remarkable Bibliography called "Social Forces" which she prepared for the Wisconsin Suffrage Association—a study program more thorough and more idealistic than any I have ever seen, covering all the great social movements of our day. And second, a study of the law of evolution, prepared for the young and for the layman, a résumé of human progress from star dust and amoeba to spirit. These, with the partly finished work on Mr. Jones's great biography, are all that remain—beside a living shadow of that vital dynamic passioning presence. Her sign is in the words spoken of her by another friend: "In a world of half measures, she was a flaming social positive, incapable of compromise."

Never could memorial to these two be spoken without inclusion of the Third—him to whom both gave devoted allegiance, and who taught them both, as he taught us all, wider connotations for the word Humanity. In the qualities represented in these three, the two whose memory we celebrate today and in that of their great Teacher—we see magically projected the very substance and presence of spirit, that spirit which must inform the world, inform us—if ever we are to incarnate that for which they lived: Human understanding of divine human life and of its shining destiny.

They went their way. And on their way they took
A little flame and walked by light of it.
And many a hall and many a waiting hearth
Yes—many a darkened star they found and lit.
But oh, the best is that they always found
In every human face the infinite.

LLEWELLYN JONES:

It is difficult for me to try to tell you very many facts about the life of Mrs. Carnovale. Most of you have known her a great many more years than I have. You know what work she has done in Chicago: you know how she determined her own life very largely: you know how, left an orphan at an early age, she resolved to study medicine, and how, on her own initiative, she did so, and you know what she did in connection with many good causes in Chicago.

About all I dare do is to say a few words of what my own impressions of Mrs. Carnovale were in the few short years I knew her. You know she was what we call a liberal—a free spirit—and yet, although she had forged her way to spiritual freedom, she had none of that harshness, that dogmatism, which very often we find in those who leave the old dogmas behind them only to build up new ones. It is a difficult thing to build up for one's self a philosophy, an attitude toward life, a religion, that will do for one what the cults of the church, which have been built up through the centuries, do for their adherents. Too often we find people who have striven for freedom, but from being dogmatic Calvinists or Catholics they only succeed in becoming dogmatic Socialists or Secularists. But real freedom is more difficult to attain.

Now it seems to me the great thing about Mrs. Carnovale was her absolute freedom of spirit. She had built up her own thought and her own life, and she was not tied down to any "ism" either old or new. She had that hopeful and trusting spirit, that spirit distinctive of America, of hope of better things and the habit of continually working for the future; but this attitude, so typical of the idealist in America, she tempered by a keen and logical sense of things as they are, and an unusual knowledge and appreciation of both the present and the past. She was not merely a forward looking person, but she had a keen sense of the realities of the present day.

With her husband she shared a deep interest in certain thinkers and apostles of freedom, whose contributions to liberty we Americans generally have overlooked. When we talked to her it was not very long before such names as that of Bruno or that of Campanella came up. She had shared the deep studies of these men that her husband had been making for many years, and the fruit of that sharing was a wide viewpoint, exceptionally free from any sort of provincialism.

It is true to say that she lived for the future and worked for the future, and we all remember the actual things she did. We know her work on behalf of race equality. When she took up such works we know that she really meant to make her activities count, and that her ideas were sure to be given at least some effect in a practical way; this applies, of course, to her work on behalf of the race-problem, and I suppose the fact that today UNITY gives us its weekly message is directly due to Mrs. Carnovale's work in raising its endowment fund. But, while that is true, it is a fact that her friends would resent it if anyone were to refer to Mrs. Carnovale as merely a reformer, because she was nothing like the typical figure of a reformer. For my own part I usually met her under her own roof, and the great impression I got of her was that of a woman who might with justice be called an epicurean. I mean by that that she had a sense of all the values of life—great as well as small. She appreciated the beautiful as well as the true, and surrounded herself with all that could make the present worth while as well as the future. Life to her was itself an art as well as a struggle.

She was an ideal hostess. You went into her home and immediately felt that for a time you were out of

the great noisy world, where reformers and others have to fight for all that is worth while, and in a restful oasis, the center of a small world of great goodwill and great appreciation. And she had a keen sense of humor, which is something that the mere reformer too often lacks. And I suppose that whatever the interests or pre-occupations of her visitors might be, she met them and took an interest in them, and surprised you by the range of her interests, and when you consider the very hard work she did, and in the past few years her great suffering, it is amazing to think of her interest, not only in art and literature, but in things which other people might have considered beneath their notice.

My own memory of her will always be of a person who was a good enough fighter so that she could spare time from life's battle for enjoyment, for the music and the poetry of life. She was one of the few people who could shed their illusions and yet not become embittered: who could fight all the battles that came her way and yet keep essentially sweet-tempered and take joy in fellowship and the lighter side of life. There are many warriors, but the character of the happy warrior is a rare one: and Mrs. Carnovale was essentially the happy warrior.

We have all read Henley's poem in which he speaks of being "captain of his soul"—and his head being "bloody but unbowed" under the bludgeonings of chance. Many people greatly admire that poem, but to one who understands Mrs. Carnovale's spirit it seems merely boastful. She would never think of speaking in such terms or of taking such a pose. Her bravery was finer than that, because it was essentially a happy bravery.

And if we have faith enough to believe that it is not external circumstance but only state of mind which makes the good or the ill in our lives, I think that our sorrow for Mrs. Carnovale's sufferings in the last months of her life will be ennobled and purified by our appreciation of the wonderful example of a spiritual bravery that she gave us. As you know, she was taken East in a vain effort to restore her health, and in New York Dr. Stella, the great Italian physician and a great man too, was called to her bedside. At a time when it might have been deemed necessary to give her a narcotic, and when Mrs. Carnovale, being herself a physician, knew that that would be the usual course, she turned to Dr. Stella and said,—"Don't give me a narcotic: you are a great man, give me a great idea and let me wrestle with that." Dr. Stella turned to her and said,—"Madam, I can only give you yourself," and then he conversed with her on the deepest problems of life, the body and its sufferings forgotten, and the talk being simply between two great souls on the great problems of life. And then at last he said,—"The friend in me is causing me to forget the physician. But the physician tells me that I must not fatigue you further," and so he brought the conversation to a close. And very shortly after that the end came.

Now that is a marvelous example of calm courage, and it reminded me of no less a precedent than that of the calmness of Socrates when he faced his judges and said,"And you too, judges, must face death with a good courage, and believe this as a truth, that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life, or after death."

Mrs. Carnovale lived not only in her own larger works but in the actual difference that knowing her will have made in our personal lives. Each of us could appropriate from her only that which we were able to receive. The picture one has will not be the same picture as that which another has. But we all gained much of her, and that is still living in us.

To quote from George Eliot she continues to live,

> In minds made better by her presence;
> In pulses stirred to generosity,
> In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
> For miserable aims that end with self,
> In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars
> And with their mild persistence urge man's search
> To vaster issues.

She has joined the "choir invisible."

> Whose music is the gladness of the world.

While Conquerors Think

It is not to be expected that officials should be versed in elementary economics, but the taxpayer can be excused for indulging the delusion that officials should, in grave crises, act upon the advice of their wisemen of commerce and finance. There was a time after the publication af the Treaty of Versailles when the Allied officials were told quite plainly by their wisemen what would happen if it were put into force. Several economists of international repute said the treaty spelled disaster. But all to no effect. The officials and the militarists had their way. The armies of occupation settled down in fulfilment of the secret treaties, numerous commissions were planted to take root in conquered territory, and then the sanguine Allies waited for Germany to pour a constant stream of indemnities into their laps, indemnities calculated by an enthusiastic French minister of finance to defray her cost of the war. Now there are signs that these conquerors are being rudely prodded by economic facts into a world of grim realities, for nearly every allied official cheerfully and willingly eats his words, reverses his policy or that of his predecessor. What was perfectly plain three years ago to any European with a grain of intelligence is now attracting the attention of the persons who were responsible for the Treaty of Versailles; and it is whispered by officials that the world cannot get along without Germany or Russia.

Mr. Keynes has become exceedingly blunt. He says: "Germany's finances will not recover and the Allies will not be paid until their demands have been fixed at a sum within her capacities which it is worth her while to work and scheme to pay. A brief moratorium we must have, not so much to give Germany time to pay, as to give ourselves time to think." It should be plain enough to the statue of justice that the meetings taking place at present among Allied officials are not held for the particular purpose of deciding how much time to give Germany, but for the more important one of determining how to get rid of many of the disastrous results which follow the payment of indemnity installments. A new area is required by France and Great Britain, a dumping ground for German manufactured articles, and Russia is the spot

chosen, so we are told, for this purpose. We need not distress ourselves wondering what magic is to be employed in converting German manufactured articles dumped into Russia into gold tenders that will help defray the French debt. Wizards of finance at Paris, according to the recent debate in the Chamber, which lasted three weeks, have all kinds of notions as to how to make something out of nothing. Indeed, not a few of them still stick to the old formula: "Le Boche payera tout."

The drama begun in Paris only requires a scene in which the trade and military barriers between Germany and Russia are thrown down in the interests of French and British commerce to turn it into a farce that should make the whole world laugh. Could anything be more comical than the inspired messages that are coming from the back parlors of Downing Street these days? We hear that Russia is Germany's natural territory for the sale of manufactured articles, and that Russia is the natural territory for supplying Germany with raw material, etc., etc.

"The Allies will do anything but get off the necks of the Germans" is the phrase that one hears constantly in the counting houses of Europe that are not under the domination of the international banking syndicate. That this is really descriptive of the situation no careful observer who has spent any time recently in Germany can doubt. From the Rhine to Silesia, from Hamburg to Munich, the same story is told by serious men of affairs, who desire to make every reparation within their power for the damage done in France and Belgium. These men, who are eager to restore the economic life of Europe, realize that the Allies in administering the Treaty of Versailles in the spirit of conquerors are acting against their own best interests, They point to the innumerable trade restrictions that are imposed upon them, the colossal difficulties thrown in their way of obtaining raw material, the enormous burden and cost of defraying the expenses of the commissions and the armies of occupation, and leave the inquiring conqueror somewhat humiliated. Not only is there a constant drain of German wealth absorbed by parasites, wealth which might go far in restoring the devastated districts, but there is also the attendant evils of the colored troops and the deleterious effect on workmen slaving at long hours for short pay to keep vast numbers of men in uniform who seem to be having the picnic of their lives. It is true that where one German soldier stood in the Rhenish province there now stand two foreign ones. Imagine what the effect of this is upon the intelligent German workman. Moreover, Allied officers, their wives and families, occupy the best houses they can commandeer, eat the best of food, and enjoy a constant round of entertainment, while the natives are pushed away into the corner. Some parts of the occupied territory look more like a vast Coney Island or White City than the rather staid, but industrious district of ten years ago. An infliction hard to bear is the Y. M. C. A., the cost of which is saddled on the Germans, and small wonder inquiring conquerors are often asked the conundrum: "Which would you rather have, the Y. M. C. A. or the Senegalese?"

In the occupied area there are ten district delegates and eighty-four sub-district delegates, each surrounded by a host of assistants, interpreters, and secretaries. Thus it can be seen how the treaty has been administered by the conquerors, for the Rhineland commission, a civilian body, which according to the treaty was to consist of four members, excluding servants, has grown to over 1,300 persons by means of the appointment of district delegations. These delegates suddenly become possessed of very big notions when they are appointed. For instance, the district delegate of the Rhenish Palatine asked for an empty house containing seven bed and living rooms, two servant rooms, a reception room, a big reception room, one card room, one reception in front of the study, one dining room, one billiard room, a private office for the adjutant, a general office, a kitchen, and stables. Rather a tall order for a Mr. Stifkins of Erehwon. The taking of the Hotel de Crillon and the manner of using it set an example for conquering delegates in Germany hard to withstand. It is true the British are now showing some consideration and are making earnest efforts to reduce expenses; recently they evacuated the luxurious Hotel Dom at Cologne. Still it is nothing less than a diabolical scandal the way Tom, Dick, and Harry in uniform have been permitted to make any extension of the Treaty of Versailles to suit themselves and their families.

While conquerors think in the back parlors of their official residences, or when they are away on a joyride at Spa, San Remo, or Washington, or—Yap has been suggested as a fitting place for the next ride—things are going steadily to the dogs. Even the Riviera, all the way from Cannes to Mentone, is feeling the effect of the conqueror's peace, and many of the aristocratic residents of that salubrious clime are losing faith in the wisdom of the gentlemen who talk at the Palais Bourbon and St. Stephen's. At Washington the experts—a merry party—are busy laying their heads together evolving the procedure of the next campaign, when democracy, or humanity, perhaps, will, whether it likes it or not, be saved in the interest of chemists and aircraft makers. A very ribald correspondent at Washington, referring to the conference, remarked that they had everything settled but the nationality of the unknown soldier that would have to be buried somewhere in about ten years' time. While the conquerors think, the common folk brood, but the conquerors pay no heed. What does it matter if the millions out of work think something has gone wrong, that the peace is not all it was cracked up to be? If the common folk get restive there is quite sufficient room in the Four Power Treaty for calling the people suddenly to the colors. Perhaps this state of affairs may come very suddenly to an end. The common folk may stop brooding, and start laughing, and then laugh loud and long; laugh because they have seen clearly their own preposterous folly. When that day comes we shall not require official joyrides and conferences to keep us out of war.

—*Francis Neilson.*

"Foreign Affairs," London.

YOUTH RESILIENT.

Beaten? You think so? I say with old Browning:
(See Asolando!) we fall but to rise,
Rise like Antaeus no worse for our downing,
Back to the valley and face to the skies.

A fig for their cavil, a straw for their banter!
One dash of achievement, all carping to stop;
Rough-shoe the horses, and spur to a canter,
And ho for the laurel that waits at the top!

Contemporary Verse. —*Richard Mott Gummere.*

THE FIELD.

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

WILL AMERICA COMMUTE THE DEATH SENTENCE?

One of the greatest tragedies since the World War was enacted in New York City last week.

All the train wrecks, shipwrecks, murders and suicides of the year, do not involve as many lives, as much sorrow or as great injustice as was wrapped up in this one act.

Thousands of innocent little children were condemned to die within the next ninety days.

The Committee or Jury that pronounced the death sentence was composed of big-hearted, warm-hearted, judicious men—themselves fathers of little children—but they have no alternative. Circumstances beyond their control forced from them the death sentence upon children as much entitled to life and happiness as the children in their own homes.

Seventy pages of cablegrams and reports from all sections of the Near East lay before the Committee—from Jerusalem, Beirut, Cilicia, Constantinople, Asia Minor and the Russian Caucasus. The following are but a few typical excerpts from a score of cabled appeals:

"Hunger spreading over new areas."

"Death from starvation increasing."

"Hasten food."

"Hasten, despatch seed and increased help to the starving."

"Never in most harrowing conditions of relief work have seen such suffering and tragedy."

"Next two months most critical. Death rate appalling unless additional funds available."

"Alexandropol reports 25,000 destitute starving who cannot be helped by present budget."

"Unless seeds secured Armenia finished."

"American seed wheat for Armenians is only hope of preventing worse conditions next winter."

"Impossible to tell of misery in spite of enormous work of Near East Relief."

"Children dying in all corners of Erivan."

"Armenian Government at end of resources."

"Temporary help imperative in interest of humanity."

"Two hundred thousand Cilician refugees now scattered through Beirut-Constantinople areas."

"Mersine shore crowded with refugees awaiting transportation to Cyprus and Syria."

"Ten thousand Armenian refugees with many children arrived Beirut; thousands Tripoli, Tyre, Sidon."

"Emergency on account refugees demands immediate action; thousands camped by roadside."

"Find money somewhere and cable authority to relieve worst distress."

"Widow refugees begging us to save their children."

Every mandate of humanity called upon this Committee (the Executive Committee of Near East Relief) to double existing appropriations or make at least a 50 per cent increase to meet these war and famine emergencies.

But the Committee faced also the treasury with its decreasing receipts and depleted balances. They were forced to vote, not an increase, but a 25 per cent cut in the already inadequate appropriations.

The cablegram containing the tragic news was quickly sent the same afternoon. It was cleared easily from New York, and the gay, rich, pleasure-loving city little dreamed of the slaughter of the innocents ordered at the other end in Bible lands. The 25 per cent cut literally means death to thousands upon thousands of innocent children. Death just as certainly as if those thousands of children were lined up along the Avenue and shot down with machine guns!

The Committee is determined to save, and will save, the children already received into the orphanages and under American protection though at present the resources are not in sight. There are approximately a hundred thousand of them. These we have invited to our table, and we will not drive them away to die.

But there are at least another hundred thousand orphaned children who eagerly wait to seize the crumbs that fall from our table. Many of them are now dying in spite of all we can do.

In addition to these children there are other hundreds of thousands of equally innocent and helpless adults—women and girls—driven in mid-winter from the plains of Cilicia or destitute upon the war-swept, famine-stricken plateaus of the Caucasus. These Christian refugees in Bible lands now stand under the sentence of death by starvation.

WILL AMERICA COMMUTE THE DEATH SENTENCE FOR THE CHILDREN?

FIVE DOLLARS A MONTH SAVES THE LIFE OF AN ORPHANED CHILD.

CHARLES V. VICKREY,
General Secretary, Near East Relief,
151 *Fifth Avenue, New York.*

RELUCTANT JAPAN—AN ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW.

A real concession on the Shantung railway question, to add to a host of pious protestations, is the most that Washington has got out of Japan by the prolongation of the Conference. The Conference now awaits China's answer to the question whether she will be content to buy the Shantung railway with notes redeemable in a minimum of five and a maximum of ten years, and to accept a Japanese controller in the interim. American official opinion considers this compromise reasonable. It will be used to cover the fact that on other points Japan has yielded nothing tangible. She has, of course, "no designs" on the Russian Far Eastern Republic—but she must keep troops there to "check the eastward spread of Bolshevism," and she does not propose meanwhile to vacate Vladivostok or any other of the points of vantage she holds. Mr. Hughes has made it clear that America is not content with this, and there the matter will no doubt be left. But it is notable that Japan has subscribed to a solemn body of precept in this and other Far Eastern questions with which her present practice is incompatible. Of that, at least, she must and will be reminded from time to time by her co-signatories.

—*The Manchester Guardian.*

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